THE LADDER

DECEMBER 1961 50¢

purpose of the

Daughters of BILITIS

A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:

1. Education of the variant, with particular emphasis on the psychological, physiological and sociological aspects, to enable her to understand herself and make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications--this to be accomplished by establishing and maintaining as complete a library as possible of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public discussions on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by advocating a mode of behavior and dress acceptable to society.

2. Education of the public at large through acceptance first of the individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices; through public discussion meetings aforementioned; through dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.

3. Participation in research projects by duly authorized and responsible psychologists, sociologists and other such experts directed towards further knowledge of the homosexual.

4. Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

the Ladder

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Peace on Earth
Good Will Towards Men

A fervent prayer, a fervent desire. Beautiful words, meaningful words, powerful words. Handed down from generation to generation - century by century.

Words mouthed in the joy of Christmastide, then lost in the scurry of everyday living. Words unheeded as the hate groups line up and spit at each other. Words silenced by the vigil of the bomb.

We must not allow the atomic age to succumb to the negative, destructive unreasoning of hopelessness. We must realize that as we expect to be persecuted, so shall we be persecuted - and prosecuted. As we prepare for war, even though we call it defense, we bring war ever closer. As we listen to the voice of doom, so shall we be doomed. It is the law of the "self-fulfilling prophecy". What we project shall come to pass.

For we are products of our own words - our own thoughts and beliefs. And what we are can be changed, for by our own words and actions we can alter our relations with our fellow man. As we act with kindness and understanding, as we truly listen to the other fellow's side of the story, so shall we be heard with kindness and understanding.

When the individual begins to re-evaluate himself and his thoughts, when he sees that he is an important cog in the "wheel of peace", that his thoughts and actions are reflected by the leaders he elects, that what his country projects in the community of nations are what he himself has accepted - whether positively or by omission - then perhaps there can again be

"Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men".

- Del Martin

Christmas at the Inn

A Story by Colleen Stein

Jo Brooks sat at the kitchen table of her Third Avenue housekeeping room, moodily pondering the downward course which her life had taken in recent years. A rather pathetic creature in her late forties, Jo was still fairly attractive, but the effects of her heavy drinking and fast living were beginning to etch themselves upon her features. Jo had formerly been a schoolteacher, but her increasing dependence upon the bottle had reduced her to working at any odd job she could find.

At one time, Jo had been considered a "prize catch" in affairs of the heart, but each affair was always short-lived and always ended in the same way, with her lovers leaving Jo because of her overpowering stinginess, a trait of nearly psychotic proportions.

Christmas Eve had arrived, and Jo Brooks, quite alone and almost friendless, was beginning to feel remorseful over the many selfish deeds which had placed her in such a lonely state. She was not one to easily give way to tears, and when the oppressive weight of her loneliness began to swell to intolerable porportions, she took another swig from her gallon jug of wine, and thought: "Oh, hell, why work myself into a tizzy on Christmas Eve? I'll go look up some of my pals. Maybe they can cheer me up." Yet, as she ran through her mental catalog of friends, the realization that she no longer had any close friends who would welcome her into their homes hit her like a ton of bricks, for that holy night when the feast of Our Lord's birth is celebrated can be the loneliest night of the year for those without families or friends.

Still stunned by her realization, Jo took several more hearty swallows from her jug, then decided to head for the nearest movie theater and escape for a few hours from the awful loneliness which engulfed her.

Since it was Christmas, Jo replaced her usual garb of faded blue jeans and sweat shirt with her one remaining

best suit, a dowdy-looking affair which had been quite stylish in 1948, and traded her beaten-up snickers for a pair of sturdily-build pumps which seemed grotesquely thick when placed beside today's toothpick-slim spike models. However, the outfit was the best that Jo had and after she had finished dressing, her spirits perked up a bit.

Jo Brooks' one-room apartment was located in the shoddy waterfront district, and the nearest theater was of the all-night, three-for-the-price-of-one variety; in other words, just another place for the Skid row bums to flop for a few hours. This, however, no longer bothered Jo, and she paid her admission and entered the theater. Ironically enough, Dickens' "Christmas Carol" was one of the three features playing, but Jo was oblivious to this, for the wine which she had been drinking earlier in the evening began to make her drowsy, and shortly after the movie came on the screen, she drifted into a wine-soaked slumber. Yet, the substance of the movie was not entirely lost on her.

II

Many happy events in her childhood began creeping into Jo's dreams, events mostly associated with Christmas: the roaring fire in the living room fireplace, the pine-scented smoke from the burning wood, the presents under the tree, the pageantry and splendor of Midnight Mass with its added treat of old, traditional carols, the uplifting feeling which Jo experienced during Mass - all these things caused pangs of nostalgia to float into her subconscious mind.

Gradually, Jo's dreams skipped ahead to more recent years, and she found herself dreaming of a beery blast down at the Bayside Inn on Christmas Eve. No stockings on the mantel, no turkey dinner with savory dressing, no Midnight Mass. All of this had been forsaken for a rowdy evening punctuated with an incident where Jo, feeling little paid, had flung an empty beer bottle at a group of Salvation Army carolers singing outside the bar. Jo's current girl friend, in embarrassment, had also deserted her on that night.

A nearly-deserted bar with two customers now planted itself in Jo's dreams, the two customers being old companions of Jo's. They were talking over old times and reminiscing over past Christmasses. One of the women was showing the other a newspaper clipping, "Too bad. Wonder if old Jo left any sort of will. She ought to have a mint horded up somewhere, the way she always drank nothing but draft beer. Always afraid she'd spend a dime on someone else, the old tightwad!" Jo got a better view of the clipping and noticed a photograph above the notice. As she squinted more closely at the photograph in the dim light of the bar, she saw her own face in the picture.

Jo awakened with a start, while the movie was in the midst of a scene where Ebenezer Scrooge visits the mortuary and realizes with horror that the body lying in the coffin is his, then seconds later witnesses his own mournerless burial service.

A feeling of terror gripped Jo as she hastily left the theater, and she felt almost as though an unseen force were propelling her toward one of her old haunts, the Bayside Inn, a place which Jo had not frequented for the past two years.

III

Recent years had found New Boston caught up in a wave of revamping its waterfront district. Thanks to the city's Urban Renewal project, which was still far from being completed, the grimy, derelict character of the West Side waterfront was rapidly changing into a vast, beautifully-landscaped shopping mall, complete with several luxury hotels and the Llewellyn Center, which was second in size only to its twin across the river, the Lloyd Center, reputedly the world's largest shopping center.

The Urban Renewal project, together with the extension of the Willamette Freeway further into town, had effected many changes, and many a visitor returning to New Boston after a long absence missed more than a few of the familiar, almost traditional, landmarks of the city. The old Herald Building on Ninth and Pine now sat on First and Locust, except for a fresh paint job highlighting its ginger-

bread trim. Another building which had literally been picked up and put down in a new location was St. Alban's Church, a red brick edifice done in Romanesque style and an almost exact replica of a famous church in Italy.

For years, St. Alban's had been an impressive landmark on 80th and Pattygrove, a shrine for pilgrims to visit and a goldmine for architecture students to tour.

Jo Brooks had been too wraped up in her own ghetto-like existence to pay much attention to the changes going on all around her, and it was too much trouble for her to read a newspaper these days. Her world had narrowed down to a few frowzy, dim-lit taverns on the edge of Skid Row, her own apartment, and her jug of wine.

As she hurried from the theater toward the Bayside Inn, Jo stopped and checked the street signs when she beheld St. Alban's Church on Third and Harrison, where the Bayside Inn should have stood. Jo had at one time been a devout member of St. Alban's, and she knew as well as everyone, drunk or sober, that it was located at 80th and Pettygrove. But what was the church doing down in the tough district of town?

Jo stood, scratching her head in a puzzled manner, when she heard the faint but once-familiar strains of the Kyprie float out into the street, strains which send a thrill up her spine and hypnotically beckoned her to step inside the vestibule of St. Alban's for the first time in fourteen years.

Inside the vestibule, Jo nervously hestitated, as she had suddenly become conscious of her rundown appearance and boyish haircut. She began perusing some of the tracts on the shelf just inside the door, and found a leaflet which briefly summarized the history of St. Alban's and pointed out that the newly-completed Willamette Freeway extension was responsible for the church's new location. Jo also learned from the leaflet that St. Alban's had been dismantled and rebuilt brick-by-brick, according to the original blueprints, so great had been the desire of the parishioners to preserve the unique beauty and architectural setting of their beloved church.

Jo finally summoned enough courage to enter the nave of the crowded church and ushered to a side pew by a man who seemed strangely familiar to her.

The deeply-ingrained habits of her younger years asserted themselves as Jo automatically genuflected before entering the pew, and in a few minutes, fifteen years of debauchery evaporated as she entered into the mood and spirit of the Solemn High Mass, with its priest, deacon, and subdeacon celebrating the sacrifice made by our Lord to atone for all of the sins of the world. She became enveloped in the clouds of memory-evoking incense, the hymns, and the somber, yet heart-swelling chants. She found herself joining in with the prayers and responses of the congregation, prayers which she had neither heard nor uttered for fourteen years. The celebrant turned to face the congregation as he pronounced the Absolution and Comfortable Words, "Come unto me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you..." Those words warmed Jo, and they seemed to her a definite invitation to return to the fold. At the same time, the priest's face seemed vaguely familiar to her.

"O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world," chanted the priest in a nasal twang which bespoke of years spent at Oxford University, a twang also often mistakenly linked with "swishy"men.

"...Grant us thy peace," responded the congregation and choir.

Having finished singing the Agnus Dei, the priest turned and faced the people with the Host in his right hand and the chalice in his left, inviting the people to the altar with "Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him that takest away the sins of the world." It was then that Jo recognized the priest as the young philosophy student who used to frequent the Bayside Inn on weekends and hold quiet, intellectual bull sessions at one of the back tables in the bar. At the same time, it also dawned on her that the man who had ushered her to her pew had been the sales clerk who earned extra money on weekends by working as bouncer at the Bayside Inn.

As the congregation approached the communion rail to receive the Blessed Sacrament, Jo debated with herself whe-

ther she would make her Communion. "Lord, I am not worthy...But speak the word only, and my soul shall be healed ..." Then more verse from Scipture and the BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER began to run through her mind. "...That He gave his only begotten Son, to the end that all who believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life...Hear also what St. Paul sayeth. This is a true saying...that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners..."

Jo got up from her pew, genuflected, and went up to the altar to receive the Body and Blood of Christ, after a long absence. She felt somewhat like the prodigal son.

As she fervently joined in the singing of the Gloria in Excelsis Deo, Jo felt an inner peace and joy which had long been absent from her soul.

Midnight Mass was over, and Jo edged away through the crowd spilling out onto the street. As she came closer to the door, she ran into the man who had escorted her to her pew. He smiled and said, "Welcome home, Jo. Come back again. We'd love to have you."

Gay Life in Holland

TO UNDERSTAND THE POSITION OF THE LESBIAN WOMAN IN HOLLAND YOU HAVE TO KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT THE DUTCH CHARACTER. THE DUTCH HAVE VERY LITTLE IMAGINATION - THEIR MATTER-OF-FACTNESS IS KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD. AS LONG AS YOU DON'T BOTHER PEOPLE HERE THEY WON'T MIND YOUR BUSINESS. BUT ONE THING: DON'T BE OBVIOUS. DUTCH PEOPLE DON'T LIKE ANYTHING WHICH IS OUT OF NORMAL. "BEING LIKE EVERYBODY" IS THEIR SLOGAN.

THE LAW OF OUR COUNTRY IS ONE OF THE MOST TOLERANT IN EUROPE AND PERHAPS IN THE WORLD. SEXUAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN TWO PERSONS OF THE SAME SEX IS ONLY PUNISHED WHEN ONE OF THEM IS UNDER AGE (21). (FOR HETERO'S IT'S 16 FOR THE GIRL, 21 FOR THE BOY.) THE KIND OF PUNISHMENT DEPENDS ON THE AGE OF THE MINOR.

TEN YEARS AGO NOBODY KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT HOMOSEXUALITY. OF COURSE THERE WERE SOME STORIES TOLD BUT THEY WERE ONLY DIRTY AND UNTRUE. THE LAST FIVE YEARS THINGS ARE CHANGING A LOT. NEWSPAPERS TELL ABOUT IT (FOR THE 15TH BIRTHDAY OF THE COC WE HAD A PRESS-CONFERENCE AND A REAL "GOOD" PRESS), PREACHING IN ALMOST EVERY KINDSOF CHURCH AND LECTURES ON THE RADIOW WE'RE EVEN PLANNING TO MAKE A MOVIE FOR TEACHERS, PARENTS, ETC. AT LEAST 70% OF THIS IS DUE TO THE WORK OF THE COC HOMOSEXUAL MOVEMENT.

AMONG THE 3,000 MEMBERS OF THE COC ARE 400 WOMEN. THAT IS NOT MUCH - WOMEN IN HOLLAND ARE NOT CLUB-MINDED. THE WOMEN IN HOLLAND GOT THEIR RIGHTS, ALL RIGHT. BUT THE EMANCIPATION IS ONLY A LEGAL ONE. WE STILL LIVE IN A PATRIARCHAT. WOMEN ARE PAID LESS, AND THERE ARE MANY JOBS THEY SIMPLY CANNOT GET.

PEOPLE HERE REALLY CAN'T UNDERSTAND (AND "NOT UNDERSTANDING" MEANS TO THE DUTCH OFTEN "NOT BELIEVING") THAT A WOMAN - BEING OF THE INFERIOR SEX - CAN PREFER THE LOVE OF ANOTHER WOMAN TO THAT OF A SUPERIOR MAN . . . "SHE WILL GET OVER IT, IN ONLY SHE MEETS THE RIGHT KIND OF MAN" IS A REMARK OFTEN HEARD. AND INDEED, SOME DO. BUT THAT'S ONLY 5% AND EVEN THEY SOMETIMES RETURN TO THE GAY LIFE.

THE LESBIANS IN HOLLAND ARE NOT DIVIDED SO CLEARLY IN "BUTCH" AND "FEMS" AS IT SEEMS TO BE IN THE STATES. MOST OF US LOOK RATHER FEMININE. I BELIEVE THAT THIS IS ALSO A QUESTION OF FASHION. AT THE MOMENT IT IS "BON TON" TO DRESS FINE. YEARS AGO YOU SAW MORE WOMEN THAN NOW IN TAILORMADE, SLACKS AND SMOKINGS. NOW YOU WEAR HIGH HEELS, YOU USE LIPSTICK AND SO ON. IT'S RATHER NATURAL I SUPPOSE. WE ARE "GAY" BECAUSE WE LOVE WOMEN. IF WE PREFER MAKE-BELIEVE MEN, IT'S HARD TO UNDERSTAND WHY.

WE HOLD DOWN OUR JOBS OR LEAVE THEM JUST AS ANY OTHER GIRL DOES. BUT EVEN WHEN YOUR BOSS GETS TO KNOW, HE WON'T FIRE YOU: EVERYBODY IS UNDERSTAFFED. THE KIND OF JOBS WE HAVE ARE VARIOUS. IN OUR GROUP THERE ARE SECRETARIES, HAIRDRESSERS, A LAWYER, SALESWOMEN, ARTISTS (VERY FEW) AND ONE NEWS-PAPERWOMAN (ME). WE ALL HAVE TO WORK HARD AND I DON'T KNOW ANY GIRL WHO IS EXTREMELY RICH. SOME OF US HAVE CARS INDEED. BUT NO HILLMAN MINX AND NO JAGUARS. JUST A SMALL VOLKSWAGON FOR COMFORT. BUT OF COURSE WE HAVE BIKES TOO!

HANGOUTS LIKE THERE ARE IN NEW YORK ARE VERY RARE. PERHAPS 10 IN AMSTERDAM, ROTTERDAM AND THE HAGUE TOGETHER. AND YOU'LL MEET VERY FEW WOMEN THERE. IT'S MOSTLY MEN. BUT OF COURSE, WE HAVE THE CLUB: "THE LINK". THE COC HAS A NATIONAL HOUSE IN AMSTERDAM AND SMALLER PLACES IN ROTTERDAM, THE HAGUE, UTRECHT AND SO ON. MEETINGS, DISCUSSIONS, MOVIES, LECTURES AND PERFORMANCES ARE GIVEN HERE. BUT EVERY NIGHT YOU'RE WELCOME UNTIL TWO. THERE IS A BAR AND YOU CAN DANCE. WE HAVE RECORDS AND SOMETIMES A LITTLE BAND. IT IS A PRIVATE CLUB, SO YOU WON'T BE SURPRISED BY UNLUCKY ENCOUNTERS, YOU CAN BECOME A MEMBER AT THE AGE OF 21 AND YOU PAY $6 A YEAR - AND YOUR DRINKS OF COURSE.

PARTIES? OF COURSE. BIRTHDAYS, PROMOTIONS, BIRTHDAY OF YOUR RELATIONSHIP ARE VERY GOOD REASONS TO GIVE A PARTY. BUT NOT EVERYONE CAN DO THIS. IT'S VERY HARD (OR IMPOSSIBLE) TO GET A FREE HOUSE OR A FLAT. SO YOU RENT A ROOM AND TRY TO HIDE YOUR LIFE FROM THE LANDLADY. BECAUSE ... EVEN IF SHE WOULD ACCEPT THE PHENOMONEN OF HOMOSEXUALITY SHE DOES SURELY NOT ACCEPT "GAY TENANTS"!

I DON'T THINK THERE IS A GREAT DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DUTCH AND AN AMERICAN RELATIONSHIP. IT LASTS, OR IT DOESN'T. ABOUT 70% OF OUR GROUP IS ROOMING WITH A FRIEND. IN GENERAL OUR RELATIONSHIPS ARE A LITTLE BIT LIKE A MARRIAGE: GOOD OR BAD, LONG OR SHORT ... WHEN THE SONG IS OVER YOU BREAK UP. ONE OF YOU MOVES OUT (INFIDELITY BEING THE MOST FREQUENT REASON, IT'S MOSTLY THE "LOVING-SOMEONE-ELSE" WHO MOVES OUT) AND AFTER SOME WEEKS YOU MEET EACH OTHER AT THE LINK. YOU SAY "HALLO", GAZE AT THE 'NEW LOVE', NOD WITH APPRECIATION OR FEEL DOWN, BROKEN OR FREE. ANYHOW, IT'S THE SAME MATTER-OF-FACTNESS ALL DUTCH HAVE: YOU DON'T KILL EACH OTHER, DON'T BECOME A DOPE-ADDICT AND DRINK ONLY A LITTLE BIT TOO MUCH.

OF COURSE THERE IS STILL THE FAMILY. SOME OF US BRING THEIR PARENTS TO THE MEETINGS; SOME HAVE TO HIDE THEIR LIFE FROM THE PARENTS. SOMETIMES IT'S NECESSARY TO ASK A GAY FRIEND TO COVER UP LIKE A BOY FRIEND. SOME ARE EVEN MARRIED TO A GAY BOY, AND EVEN CHILDREN ARE NOT SOMETHING TOO AMAZING.

ALTOGETHER YOU COULD SAY THAT OUR GAY LIFE IS RATHER QUIET. IF THE AMERICAN NOVELS ABOUT GAY LIFE TELL THE TRUTH (WHICH I HARDLY CAN BELIEVE) IT WILL SEEM RATHER DULL TO YOU. BUT BELIEVE ME, IT ISN'T! WE WOULD BE GLAD TO PROVE THIS TO EVERY AMERICAN SISTER WHO COMES TO HOLLAND FOR A HOLIDAY. YOU'LL BE WELCOME!

- KARIN STORM

Here and There

One convict seemed a trifle nervous as guards started personal inspection of the prisoner in the "shake-down" room at Ohio Penitentiary recently. Little wonder. The prisoner turned out to be a woman dressed as a man.

Further, it developed the prisoner had gone through 20 days of arrest, jail and court sentencing without anyone realizing "he" was a woman.

The prisoner, Gary Johnson, 37, was convicted of burglary of a lumber yard and sentenced to a term of 1-15 years. Officials said they were not sure what to do about the case. The FBI reported that on its records, too, Johnson was listed as a man.

* * * * *

A personal in the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE reads:

> "Those persons who have been arrested, but not convicted and are interested in removing this stigma, or those who want to help such people, contact The Committee for Abolishment of Non-Convicted Police Records, P. O. Box 498, Sausalito, California."

* * * * *

VARIETY reviews "La Fille Aux Yeux D'Or" (Girl With the Golden Eyes), A Warner Bros. release:

> "This pic looms mainly a specialized arty entry abroad. Its Lesbo theme might help for bally, but the slow unfoldment and muted, mannered treatment call for a hard sell."

* * * * *

Summer television, reputedly a drab affair, provided a couple of interesting hours. ...A series of specials,

(Continued on page 20)

OUR SOCIAL CRITICS

Hair Psychology

By Carol Grace

(THE FOLLOWING IS A REPRINT FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER OF OCTOBER 24, 1961. WE THOUGHT PERHAPS SOME OF OUR READERS MIGHT ENJOY A CHUCKLE.)

ONE OF THE LEADING HAIR STYLISTS IN THE COUNTRY RECENTLY MADE THE OBSERVATION, ACCORDING TO A NATIONAL MAGAZINE, THAT "WOMEN SHOULD LOOK LIKE LITTLE EUROPEAN BOYS. THEIR HAIR SHOULD BE SHORT AND CROPPED. ANY WOMAN WHO WILL NOT WEAR HER HAIR THAT WAY IS BASICALLY VERY INSECURE."

NATURALLY I TOOK THIS TO HEART.

EVERY WOMAN TAKES ANYTHING TO HEART THAT DEALS WITH ANYTHING ABOUT HER AT ALL.

SO I ASKED MYSELF, "AM I BASICALLY INSECURE?"

"YES!" MY INNER VOICE SHOUTED.

WHICH IS ALL VERY STRANGE, BECAUSE MY HAIR IS VERY DEFINITELY SHORT AND CROPPED, WHICH KIND OF RUINS WHAT THAT STYLIST SAID.

BUT I WILL TAKE HIS WORD FOR IT.

I BELIEVE ALL PSYCHOLOGISTS. YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH PSYCHOLOGISTS.

AND I'LL PARTICULARLY BELIEVE A HAIR STYLIST, BECAUSE HE'S THE BIGGEST PSYCHOLOGIST OF THEM ALL, ONLY HIS COUCH FLIPS OVER BACKWARD AND DUNKS YOUR HEAD.

IN ANY EVENT, WHAT I IMAGINE HE MEANT WAS THIS:

AS EVERYBODY KNOWS, MOST WOMEN TODAY WORRY ABOUT THEIR FEMININITY.

AND A WOMAN HAS TO BE VERY, VERY SECURE INDEED IN HER FUNDAMENTAL FEMININITY TO BE ABLE TO GO AROUND LOOKING LIKE A LITTLE EUROPEAN BOY.

THE SAME THING COULD BE SAID FOR MEN, WHO HAVE TO BE VERY, VERY SECURE INDEED IN THEIR FUNDAMENTAL MASCULINITY TO BE ABLE TO GO AROUND LOOKING LIKE LITTLE EUROPEAN GIRLS, WHICH SOME OF THEM DO.

AND, TO PURSUE THIS FURTHER, I WOULD SAY THERE MUST BE A LOT OF ADVANTAGES, BESIDES BEING STYLISH, TO LOOKING LIKE A LITTLE EUROPEAN BOY, BECAUSE OBVIOUSLY YOU WOULD ONLY ATTRACT THE MOST MASCULINE OF MEN.

ANY MAN WHO WORRIES ABOUT HIS MASCULINITY WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT DEAD CHASING AFTER A GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE A LITTLE EUROPEAN BOY.

HE STICKS WITH THE LONG-HAIRED TYPES, FEELING ALL MALE AND SECURE, ONLY HE'S REALLY NOT SECURE AT ALL - IN THE SAME WAY THAT A WOMAN WITH LONG FLOWING HAIR GOES AROUND FEELING FEMALE AND SECURE, ONLY SHE'S REALLY NOT SECURE AT ALL EITHER.

AND IT'S REALLY QUITE SIMPLE, WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING.

FASHION CHANGES BEING WHAT THEY ARE, SOONER OR LATER LONG HAIR IS GOING TO COME BACK, AND HERE ARE GOING TO BE ALL THESE WOMEN GOING AROUND WITH SHORT CROPPED HAIR, SMUGLY PROVING THEIR BASIC FEMININITY.

BUT I SUPPOSE THE HAIR STYLISTS WILL ACCOMMODATE TO THAT ONE PRETTY READILY.

ALL THEY'LL NEED TO SAY IS, "ANY WOMAN WHO WILL NOT WEAR HER HAIR LONG IS BASICALLY INSECURE."

OBVIOUSLY, ONLY A WOMAN WHO FEELS BASICALLY SECURE WILL HAVE THE COURAGE TO LET HER HAIR GROW AND NOT HAVE TO GO AROUND LOOKING LIKE A LITTLE EUROPEAN BOY.

AS FOR ME, I'M LETTING MY HAIR GROW NOW. I DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT SHORT.

Cosmopolitan Provincial: The Life and Works of Colette

IN ALL SUBJECT MATTER THE MALE AUTHOR DOMINATES THE WRITING FIELD SAVE ONE: THE INTROSPECTIVE ANALYSIS OF PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS. SIDONIE GABRIELLE COLETTE IS THE OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF THIS GENRE OF WRITING. SHE WAS BORN IN 1873 IN A FRENCH PROVINCE, LIVING THERE UNTIL AT 17 SHE MARRIED THE UNSCRUPULOUS "WILLY" (HENRY GAUTHIER-VILLARS). UNDER HIS DOMINANCE AND DIRECTIONS SHE WROTE HER FIRST WORKS, THE FAMOUS "CLAUDINE" SERIES.

WILLY INTRODUCED COLETTE INTO HIS VERY SOPHISTICATED MILIEU IN PARIS. THIS INCLUDED A LARGE GROUP OF ARTISTIC LESBIANS LEAD BY THE DAUGHTER OF THE DUC DE MORNY, THE MARQUIS DE BELBOEUF, KNOWN AS "MITZY." OTHERS OF THIS EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE GROUP WERE POLAIRE, RENEE VIVIEN, NATHALIE CLIFFORD BARNEY, MARGUERITTE MORENO AND OTHERS NOW QUITE FAMOUS. COLETTE'S ESCAPADES WITH THIS GROUP CREATED QUITE A SCANDAL, CULMINATING WHEN MITZY AND COLETTE APPEARED IN A STAGE PLAY CALLED "LA REVE D'EGUPTE" ON THE STAGE OF THE MOULIN ROUGE IN JANUARY 1907. A VERY PROLONGED KISS BETWEEN THE TWO CAUSED SUCH AN UPROAR THAT THE PLAY WAS IMMEDIATELY STOPPED.

EVEN DURING THIS RELATIVELY WILD PERIOD IN HER LIFE, COLETTE WROTE STEADILY. IN 1912, WHEN SHE MARRIED FOR THE SECOND TIME, HER PUBLIC ESCAPADES CEASED TO A LARGE EXTENT. SHE WAS THEN 39 AND READY TO SETTLE DOWN. THEREAFTER HER TENDENCIES CAME TO LIGHT ONLY IN HER WRITINGS.

IN ALL, COLETTE PRODUCED A LARGE NUMBER OF WORKS: 18 NOVELS, DOZENS OF SHORT SKETCHES, A FEW TRUE SHORT STORIES, MANY INFORMAL ESSAYS ABOUT FLOWERS AND ANIMALS, TWO AUTOBIOGRAPHIES AND HER NON-FICTION MASTERPIECE, CES PLAISIRS, OR, AS SH SHE PREFERRED CALLING IT, THE PURE AND THE IMPURE.

AN AMAZING NUMBER OF HER WORKS DEAL WITH LESBIANISM TO A GREATER OR LESSER DEGREE, INCLUDING SOME NOT YET AVAILABLE

IN ENGLISH. HAPPILY THE DEFINITIVE EDITION OF HER WORK IN FRENCH IS IN THE PROCESS OF BEING TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH AND IS BEING RELEASED IN THIS COUNTRY BY FARRAR, STRAUS AND CUDAHY.

COLETTE DIED IN 1954, VERY OLD AND CRIPPLED WITH ARTHRITIS, BUT HONORED AND LOVED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. SHE IS, OF COURSE, CONSIDERED THE GREATEST FRENCH WOMAN WRITER OF ALL TIME.

- GENE DAMON

WORKS PERTINENT TO THIS STUDY

(AVAILABLE IN ENGLISH)

CLAUDINE A L'ECOLE. PARIS, P. OLLENDORF, 1900. (CLAUDINE AT SCHOOL, N.Y., FARRAR, 1930, 1957, PBR, TCT DIARY OF A 16 YEAR OLD FRENCH GIRL, AVON, 1957, 1958.)

CLAUDINE A PARIS. PARIS, P. OLLENDORF, 1901. (YOUNG LADY OF PARIS, N.Y., FARRAR, 1931, CLAUDINE IN PARIS, N.Y., FARRAR, 1958, PBR, TCT, CLAUDINE, AVON, 1958, 1959.)

CLAUDINE EN MENAGE. PARIS, MERCURE DE FRANCE, 1902. (THE INDULGENT HUSBAND, N.Y., FARRAR, 1935, ALSO IN SHORT NOVELS OF COLETTE, EDITED BY GLENWAY WESCOTT, N.Y., DIAL, 1951, ALSO AS CLAUDINE MARRIED, FARRAR, 1960.)

CLAUDINE S'EN VA. PARIS, P. OLLENDORF, 1903. (THE INNOCENT WIFE, N.Y., FARRAR, 1934.)

GITANETTE, SHORT STORY IN L'ENVERS DU MUSIC-HALL. PARIS, FLAMMARION, 1903. (MUSIC HALL SIDELIGHTS OR MITOUS AND MUSIC HALL SIDELIGHTS, N.Y., FARRAR, 1958.)

BELLA VISTA AND THE RENDEZVOUS. SHORT NOVELS IN BELLA VISTA, PARIS, J. FERENCZI, 1937. (THE TENDER SHOOT AND OTHER STORIES, N.Y., FARRAR, 1958, 1959, PBR, SIGNET, 1961.)

CES PLAISIRS. PARIS, J. FERENCZI, 1932, ALSO AS LE PUR ET L'IMPUR, PARIS, J. FERENCZI, 1941. (THE PURE AND THE IMPURE, N.Y., FARRAR, 1933.)

(NOT YET AVAILABLE IN ENGLISH)

MINNE. PARIS, P. OLLENDORF, 1904

LES EGAREMENTS DE MINNE, PARIS, P. OLLENDORF, 1905.
(THESE TWO WORKS CONTAIN MUCH LESBIANISM WHICH WAS LATER DELETED BY THE AUTHOR. THE TWO WERE THEN COMBINED AND REWRITTEN INTO L'INGENUE LIBERTINE, P. OLLENDORF, 1909 (THE GENTLE LIBERTINE, N.Y., FARRAR, 1931. ET AL.)

LA FEMME CACHEE. PARIS, FLAMMARION, 1924.
(THIS IS A COLLECTION OF SHORT SKETCHES AND STORIES WHICH INCLUDES ONE OVERT LESBIAN STORY.)

(INCIDENTAL MINOR REFERENCES)

(THERE ARE ALSO MINOR REFERENCES TO LESBIANISM IN ALMOST ALL OF COLETTE'S PURELY HETEROSEXUAL WORKS - NOTABLY:)

LA SECONDE. PARIS, J. FERENCZI, 1929 (THE OTHER ONE, N.Y., COSMOPOLITAN BOOKS, 1931, FARRAR, 1961.)

DUO. PARIS, J. FERENCZI, 1934 (N.Y., FARRAR, 1935)

JULIE DE CARNIELHAN. PARIS, A. FAYARD, 1941 (N.Y., FARRAR, 1952.)

LE TOUTOUNIER. PARIS, J. FERENCZI, 1939 (NOT AVAILABLE IN ENGLISH.)

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LESBIANA

200. BLISS by Katherine Mansfield. Short story in "Short Stories by Katherine Mansfield. Knopf, 1920, 1937.

Clever story of a married repressed Lesbian whose latest lady friend turns out to be her husband's secret love.

201. THE LAST OF THE SOUTHERN WINDS by David Loovis. Scribners, 1961.

A number of interesting Lesbian and male homosexual relationships dot the landscape in this "characters in juxtaposition" type novel laid in Key West, Florida. Minor, but rewarding.

202. LOVE AND DEATH IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL by Leslie A. Fiedler. Criterion, New York, 1960.

Depth study of fiction in America from 1789 to the present. Author feels that virtually all of our writers are obsessed with "death, incest and innocent homosexuality" and spends over 600 pages proving it. However, he discusses some far from innocent homosexuality along the way and flavors the whole thing with some ingenious remarks, such as saying that Truman Capote acts "the elegant, sad androgyne - half reigning beauty and half freak." Mr. Fiedler does also present fair and sympathetic criticism of such novels as NIGHTWOOD by Djuna Barnes and HEROES AND ORATORS by Robert Phelps. This is a must for the serious student and it will be fun for even the casual reader of homosexual literature.

203. TOMBOY by Arline McNamee Hammond. Comet Press, 1960.

Reviewed primarily for its inherent idiocy. A vanity published novel about a girl who apparently believes her "ductless glands" are turning her into a Lesbian. It has to be read to be believed.

HERE AND THERE

(Continued from page 13)

"Summer Sports Spectacular", included the finals in the major league of women's softball. This year's nineteen-inning game between a young, untried team making a meteoric rise and a veteran team being beaten was very exciting. ...The July 30 presentation of "The Sniper" on the Asphalt Jungle series was unusual TV fare. A series of young, attractive girls are shot by a "sniper", always while in the company of a boyfriend. The unusual bit being that the "sniper" turns out to be a woman about 35 punishing the girls "for their actions with boys". The Lesbian overtones were quite blatant. Virginia Christine played Miss Brant, "The Sniper", with ability.

* * * * *

It was interesting to note that San Franciscans other than the "gay" set are protesting the police department's concentration upon gay bars instead of the juvenile hoodlum problem. Said Mrs. Fred Brown in the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, "It seems strange that the police force do not have enough men to protect passengers and Muni drivers from juvenile hoodlums or to stop rioting at Hunter's Point, but they do have enough men to train them on how to act, dress and talk in gay bars to entrap homosexuals. I, as a mother of four teen-agers, would rather have my children protected on Muni buses than from the dangers in bars where they would never go in the first place."

* * * * *

Thomas Jeffcoate, professor of gynecology at the University of Liverpool, said recently that two of Britain's top girl athletes could be classified as boys. In medicine, these girls are called "inter-sexes", the problem of treating whom was the subject of Jeffcoate's article in the "Proceedings of the Royal Society of Medicine".

"An individual already conditioned to one sex should rarely change. I have advised changing the sex once - the result was far from satisfactory. Treatment needs to be based on a wide interpretation of sex - but the final de-

cision rests on the answer to the following question: Will this individual fit into the community better and therefore happier as a male or female?"

Mrs Mary Amiess, chairman of the Women's Athletic Council, said, "I call for the doctors to supply us with the evidence so that we can ensure this does not happen again. It is obvious a more stringent medical examination is required. But we should have more solid evidence."

Amateur Athletic Association Secretary Jack Crump said, "An international panel should examine every girl before she competes in international meetings. At the moment, women athletes produce a certificate of sex. If this proves insufficient, the medical people must advise us."

* * * * *

An autobiography is kicking up some unusually critical interest in book circles these days and parts of the book will be of interest to LADDER readers. A Matter of Life and Death by Virginia Peterson, New York, Antheneum, 1961. It is a brilliant book about and by a brilliant woman, written in the form of a diatribe to her deceased, much loved and hated mother. There are variant and specifically Lesbian scenes treated with candor, taste and restraint.

* * * * *

So far, the promised Lesbian movies mentioned from time to time in the last couple of years in THE LADDER have not been forthcoming; although Blood and Roses has been released on a nationwide basis, the elements are so obscured that very few people will get the implication. La Dolce Vita is worth the tired spine one gets from three hours of sitting.

* * * * *

A screen project was banned by government film authorities in Spain after censors turned thumbs down on the submitted script of "Tan Lejos, Tan Cerca" (So Far, So Near), a modern version of Sappho of Lesbos which Argentine Director Luis Saslavsky was to have directed for Producer Juan Buhigas with Vicente Parra as star.

mood miscellanea

in-love
is very young
a new-born child
that having found
has clasped
the chosen thing
and cannot put it down
and take it up again
in the fashion
of the older
wiser
colder
because the hand has not learned how -
the heart remains
curled around you
clutching
as blind infant fingers
closed upon a rose

- nfk

THOUGHTS BEFORE BIRTH

As I lie in this pool of emptiness
I feel nothing
I know nothing
For as of yet I am but a substance
And not quite a being.
A caustic, corrosive force begins to excrete me
into the darkness of light,
Plunging me into the death of life.

- Fawne Saunders

Dear Santa,

Dear Santa, my wish for Christmas day
Is for a doll, both loving and gay,
Tall and slim with dark brown hair,
With eyes of blue like the sky compare,
With gentle smile and trusting heart -
One I could love from the start
And who would love me in return
With a love that would fiercely burn
To cast away all doubts and fears,
To laugh with me and share my tears,
A living doll that would be mine
To love and cherish for all time,
A real live doll who my heart could steal,
Who could make it sing like the bells that peal.
So, Santa, won't you hear my plea
And put such a doll under my Christmas tree
For me to find on Christmas morn.
Then I won't be so lost and forlorn.
That is my wish I am sending you,
Though it may sound odd and unusual too,
As you remember when all is said and done
I am past the age of twenty-one.

- Gwen

Holiday Greetings

THE LADDER STAFF

READERS RESPOND

"YOU SAY IN THE FRONT OF THE MAGAZINE THAT THE LADDER DOESN'T NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS OF THE ORGANIZATION. IT SHOULD! HOW ELSE CAN YOU LET IT BE KNOWN HOW YOU FEEL? YES, IT IS A SOUNDING BOARD, BUT WHERE ARE YOUR SOUNDS? IT SHOULD BE USED TO EXPRESS THE VIEWS, NOT ONLY OF YOUR READERS, BUT ALSO YOUR VIEWS REGARDING THEIRS?"

N.T., ILLINOIS

EDITOR'S NOTE: I HAVE NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO BE QUIET WHEN I HAD SOMETHING TO SAY!

*****

"I WONDER IF THE LADDER READERS MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN DISCUSSING, VIA THE LETTER OR ARTICLE ROUTE, A PHENOMENON OF GAY LIFE WHICH HAS LONG PUZZLED ME? THIS BUSINESS OF NEAR INFIDELITY OR, BETTER EXPRESSED, THE SHORT MARRIAGE, QUICK DIVORCE, QUICK RE-MARRIAGE SYNDROME WHICH PRVAILS IN NEARLY EVERY RANK OF LESBIAN CULTURE. I DO NOT REFER TO THE BIZARRE BAR FLY TYPE OF RELATIONSHIP CONSIDERED THE SINE QUE NON OF CERTAIN GAY NOVELS, BUT RATHER, THE UNMISTAKABLE EXISTENCE OF IMPERMANENCE DISGUISED AS PERMANENCE.

"AS AN EXAMPLE, A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF MINE WHOM I HAVE KNOWN FOR EIGHT YEARS HAS HAD THREE PARTNERS OR MARRIAGES IN THIS TIME. ONE IN EXISTENCE AT THE TIME I MADE HER ACQUAINTANCE,

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WHICH LASTED IN ALL FOUR YEARS, ONE OF THREE YEARS DURATION, AND A NEW ONE OF LESS THAN A YEAR. THIS WOMAN IS NOT A STEREO-TYPE HOMOSEXUAL, A BAR FLY, NOR PROMISCUOUS ACTUALLY. YET IN ALL HONESTY SHE HAS LOOKED STRAIGHT AT ME AT LEAST THREE TIMES AND SAID, "I'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE" ABOUT THREE DIFFERENT WOMEN.

"NOW, I REALLY DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS. THIS IS JUST ONE EXAMPLE. I KNOW FROM CONVERSATION WITH MANY LESBIANS THAT THIS IS NOT ONLY A TYPICAL PATTERN, BUT VIRTUALLY A TOTAL PATTERN.

"THE IMPLICATIONS IN THIS ARE MOST DISTURBING AND DEFEATING FOR SUCH BEHAVIOUR - CALLED LOVE OR ANYTHING ELSE - IS SIMPLY NOT RIGHT, NOT MORAL, NOT EVEN SENSIBLE. IT IS A WAY OF EXISTENCE WHICH IMPLIES UNMISTAKABLY A LACK OF SELF DISCIPLINE, A LACK OF INTEGRITY WHICH IS A DAMNING THING TO ALL OF US.

"IT IS, AT LEAST PARTIALLY, THIS SLIP-SHOD HANDLING OF OUR PERSONAL AFFAIRS WHICH CREATE THE HIDEOUS STEREOTYPE IN THE PUBLIC MIND.

"I WOULD BE MOST INTERESTED IN HEARING OTHER LADDER READERS OPINIONS ON THIS SUBJECT."

B.G., MISSOURI

* * * * *

"I NOTED THAT THE CURRENT ELECTION WAS THE SUBJECT MATTER OF THE NOVEMBER 3, DOB GAB'N JAVA IN SAN FRANCISCO. I AGREE THAT THE DAUGHTERS SHOULD EXTEND THEIR THINKING AND THEIR ENERGIES IN THE DIRECTION OF CIVIC MATTERS, AS WELL AS STATE, NATIONAL AND WORLD AFFAIRS. AND NOT BY ANY MEANS SOLELY IN SELF- (THAT IS, HOMOPHILE) GROUP INTEREST.

"IN THESE DAYS WHEN SURVIVAL OF ALL OF US, ALL LIFE IN FACT, IS AT STAKE, MY VIEW IS THAT WE SHOULD ALL EXERT MUCH MORE EFFORT TO GET OUR POLITICAL REPRESENTATIVES ORIENTED TOWARDS WORLD LAW IN PLACE OF THE PRESENT POWER STRUGGLE; AND TOWARDS EVENTUAL DISARMAMENT AND THE OUTLAWING OF WAR AS A MEANS OF SETTLING CONFLICTS OF INTEREST BETWEEN PEOPLES AND NATIONS.

"WITH THIS IN MIND, OUR LEGISLATORS, AT ALL LEVELS, SHOULD BE CHOSEN WITH RESPECT TO THEIR ATTITUDES ON THESE PARAMOUNT MATTERS. I WOULD NOT VOTE FOR ANY MAN OR WOMAN WHO ADVOCATED WEAPONS BUILD-UP, WHO ESPOUSED WAR, OR CONTRIBUTED BY HIS STATEMENTS TO HATRED BETWEEN PEOPLES.

"IF I HAD BEEN ABLE TO ATTEND THIS GATHERING, THIS IS WHAT I WOULD HAVE EMPHASIZED. IT IS TIME THAT WOMEN SPOKE UP MORE STRONGLY FOR AMITY BETWEEN PEOPLES AND AN END OF WAR. WHAT GREATER CAUSE COULD ANY OF US HAVE?"

E.G., CALIFORNIA

* * * * *

"IT IS A PLEASURE TO AGAIN RENEW MY SUBSCRIPTION TO THE LADDER. AND I THOUGHT I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO THANK YOU FOR TWELVE SPLENDID ISSUES. FOR SOME TIME NOW, I HAVE BEEN WORKING TOWARD WRITING A NOVEL IN WHICH THE CHIEF CHARACTERS ARE LESBIANS. WITHOUT THE GUIDANCE PROVIDED BY YOUR EXCELLENT MAGAZINE, I AM MUCH AFRAID I WOULD HAVE ERRED AS MUCH AS OTHER WRITERS HAVE IN CREATING REALISTIC CHARACTERS AND A PLAUSIBLE STORY.

"AS A WRITER, AS WELL AS EDITOR OF THREE NATIONAL MAGAZINES, I SHOULD LIKE TO COMPLIMENT YOU ON THE SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED DURING THE LAST YEAR. I PARTICULARLY LIKED END OF THE MIXED UP RAINBOW BY DIANA STERLING. . . AND, WELL, I STARTED GOING THROUGH MY COLLECTION OF THE LADDER LOOKING FOR ANOTHER STORY I REMEMBERED PARTICULARLY WELL, BUT THEN SAW SO MANY OTHER STORIES EQUALLY GOOD THAT IT IS UNFAIR TO SINGLE OUT JUST ONE . . ; OR TWO, ETC.

"THE LADDER IS THE ONLY MAGAZINE (OTHER THAN THOSE I EDIT) WHICH I CONSISTENTLY READ FROM COVER TO COVER EACH MONTH."

- RICHARD L. SARGENT

EDITOR'S NOTE: THANK YOU FOR THE ENCOURAGING COMMENTS TO OUR AUTHORS WHO DONATE THEIR TALENTS TO THE MAGAZINE. PLEASE LET US KNOW WHEN YOUR NOVEL WILL BE FORTHCOMING. THE DOB BOOK SERVICE WOULD BE INTERESTED - AS WOULD MANY OF OUR READERS.

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